

HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME WAYNE SCHOOL

I'M LICKED,
BILL! I CAN'T
GET A JOB
ANYWHERE!

WHY NOT DO
WHAT I DID..
**FINISH HIGH
SCHOOL AT
HOME IN YOUR
SPARE TIME!**



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Washington — October 21

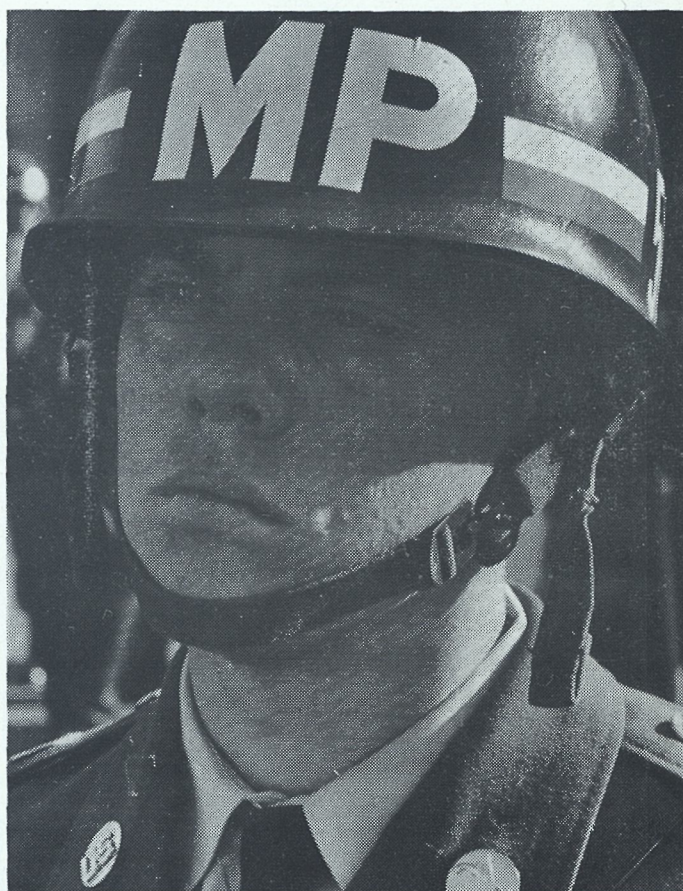
James Reston said that "everyone is a loser," and the Washington Post told of how "the big march erupted into violence." In the face of hundreds of such lines in the press, it is difficult to find a place to begin.

More than anything else, the march on the Pentagon was a huge mass of emotion. It started Saturday morning as an exciting event, with thousands of people lining the long reflecting pool between the Lincoln and Washington Memorials; it reached a peak that night at about eleven, when people wandered around the Pentagon steps, dazed, some crying angry tears after watching the spectacle of U.S. Marshals rushing into a crowd of seated protestors.

People today are supposedly civilized, but one wonders after seeing a girl get smashed in the mouth with a rifle butt. One wonders if America is really a great society after hearing the dull thuds of nightsticks hitting skulls, and finding that one's anger has no outlet except tears and a very exhausted feeling throughout the body.

Incidentals: American Nazis attacked Clive Jenkins of England as he spoke at the pre-march rally. Dick Gregory spoke at the Pentagon parking lot rally. The march itself, from the Lincoln Memorial to the parking lot, was largely without incidents of any kind; it was a hot two hours of anticipation.

➔ Then the sickness began, and kept spreading through the rest of the weekend. When the first line of marchers rushed the Pentagon steps, they were met by MPs and Marshals. Norman Mailer and Dave Dellinger were arrested, as were numerous others. Dagmar Wilson, who is a 60-year-old woman, was beaten with billy clubs. Raymond Mungo, ex-editor of the BU News, was beaten on the head with billy clubs. After he collapsed, he was kicked by the Marshals. After lying in a jail cell for seven hours, bleeding from head cuts, he was treated by a doctor who had volunteered his services. The doctor Mungo had requested from the MPs somehow never arrived. After his bail had been set, friends arrived at the jail with the money, but were refused until Mungo spoke to the commissioner of something, who obviously never worked on weekends.





Actually, much of the story can be told in terms of what the press never mentioned. The papers never told of the two demonstrators who were beaten at the "West Access Road" which was the site of several sit-ins. The road was conveniently shrouded in darkness, and the Marshals were quite safe in their sadistic pastimes. At the same site, beautiful Tuli Kupferberg of the Fugs was dragged about the pavement by a marshal with a firm grip on Tuli's pigtail. After a while, the marshal realized that there was no place for him to bring the Fug to, so he stopped, allowing Tuli to rest for a moment while replenishing his untouchable cool.

The "responsible press" never mentioned that the Marshals pushed aside MPs in their haste to get at the seated, passive protestors; CBS films of the

same incidents never made the news programs. The New York Times never told about the MP who stripped off his helmet and sidearms and jumped into the cheering crowd. Neither did it tell of the soldiers with tears in their eyes from watching persons their own age being beaten and realizing that perhaps they might be ordered to join the beating.

Instead, the papers printed a shot of a marshal beating a boy who was spread-eagled over his girl. In the background, an MP was garroting another boy with a nightstick. The caption was "Marshals repulse attack."

The general picture last weekend was a sick one. Readers of the Post were treated to a sermon that LBJ heard, in which the pastor of some church or other said that "to be loved is not the

end of greatness."

The saddest part of the demonstration was buying the morning papers and realizing that the great majority of Americans will never know how beautiful the people were, and that they probably couldn't care less. So there was a big march in Washington, and the press gave the country its Sunday morning portion of homogenized shit, and no one knows the difference and no one cares.

The city editor of the Bulletin here in Providence said that no news was suppressed, and that there was no reason for news to be suppressed and how could that happen in free America? The picture editor of the same paper also couldn't see how the Times or AP or UPI could present a perversion of the truth. As an interesting sidelight, that



editor, William Reilly by name, thought that it was okay if MPs and Marshals clubbed people who were sitting on the ground with elbows locked. "They were breaking the law, weren't they?" Even 60-year-old Dagmar Wilson, or a teen-aged girl? "If they were breaking the law."

Jimmy Breslin came up with a column that was obscene in thought, word, and deed. No honesty badges for Mr. Breslin. Neither will they go to the entire press of America, which did its best to give the blackest possible view of the demonstrations and then complained that "Ugliness May Be Peace Protest's Lasting Image." As Tuli said in the EVO, "The New York Times Sucks." And just think, the Times is commonly called the best paper in this sick, dying country.

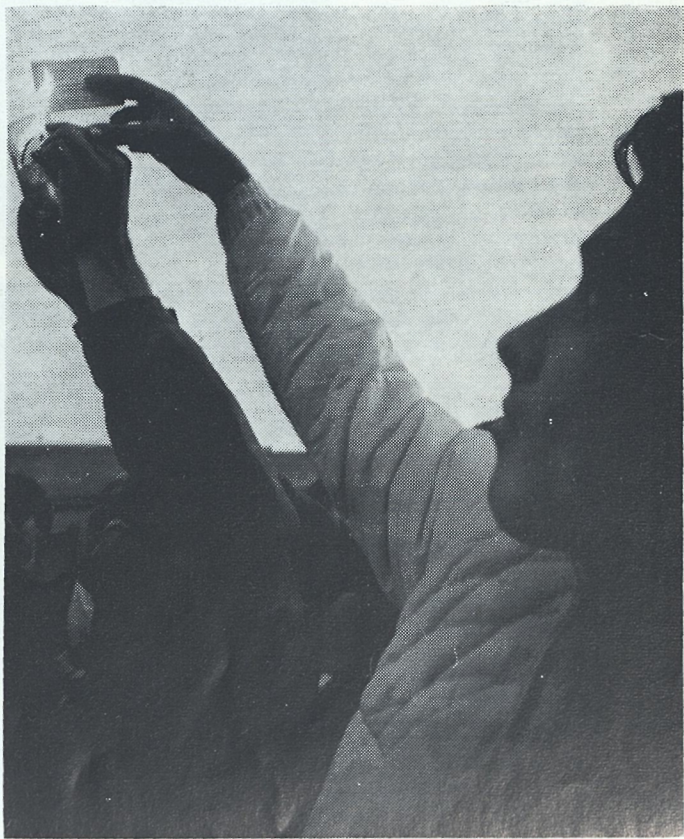
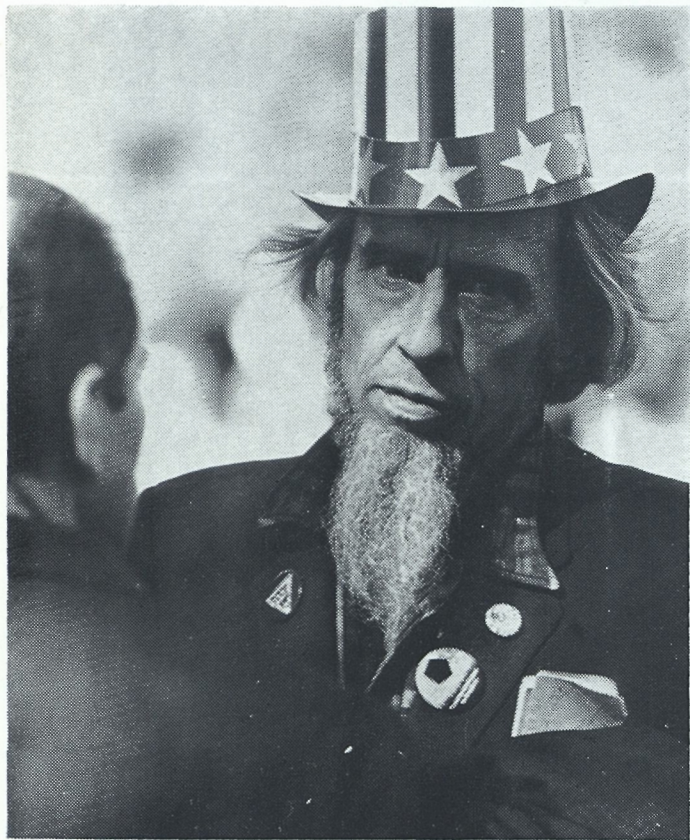
It is hard to talk of emotion without running off. Except for the beatings going on, the whole thing was a fantastic groove, with all sorts of food and wine and (the weed) being passed around. There was love for everyone, even the soldiers, who tried to grin and bear it, but there were still those clubs floating around.

Regardless of what LBJ and his pastor and most of the country thought, there was also a hell of a lot of patriotism in the air, and fear for the future of America. When a thousand armed paratroopers have to guard that monstrosity known as the Pentagon from 200 kids (Sunday night), America begins to look a little like a military state, and it was fear of this creeping fascism that was one of the powers behind the movement. When one has to turn to college papers and the *Underground Press* and foreign newspapers to find out what is happening in broad daylight, something has happened to free speech and countless other "American Ideals."

And after the ball is over, one picks up the paper Tuesday morning to find out that Johnson has said "peace and stability will come to Asia only when the aggressors know that they cannot take another people's land by aggression." Then you remember a small slogan printed on the steps of the Pentagon, "LBJ Fucks Peace," and all the frustration and tears and the empty sadness of the weekend come rushing back and you wonder if America will ever learn that "man is a poor creature, you are not to kill him."

Chris Maynard





"CITIZEN KANE"

This week Film Society presents the film classic "Citizen Kane" directed by Orson Welles. The film was ready for release in December, 1940; however the Hearst interests were able to keep the studio from circulating it until Welles threatened legal action himself. It supposedly contained certain unkind references to the life of William Randolph Hearst; it was finally premiered on May 1, 1941. Welles was extremely unpopular with the Hollywood community, especially since he, as a newcomer (age 26) had a contract which paid him 25 percent of the profits of the film in addition to giving him full control from beginning to end. There was a song to be heard at film parties called "Little Orson Annie", and his name was hissed at the Academy Awards.

Gregg Toland worked on the photography but Welles worked on each set-up and its composition, lighting and movement. Toland's camera never just photographs but selects an image that will create content. Some of the effects that he obtained came from his use of depth of field photography (foreground, middle, and background are equally distinct), wide angle lens, coated lens (to shoot into light sources) and ceilinged sets which required extraordinary angles and lighting.

In sound Welles used echoes, hollow voices resounding in a large room, natural sound from near and far instead of the same even lax level. voices trailing from one scene to another. Also he was the first to use on film the simultaneous conversation e.g. the quick succession of breakfast quarrels that signal the growing estrangement between Kane and his second wife.

All of these visual and sound techniques remain strikingly effective no matter how many times they are re-viewed.



MEDITATION ON CITIZEN KANE

Who is this Great Man, Jesus? I perceive his drive but can't understand it because it seems to destroy everyone, including himself. Yet he doesn't seem to want to be destroyed.

He can't seem to express his love (or is it raw need?) in simplicity to a single person. So the egoism builds up as a kind of hurt which defies healing.

Looking at him I see decadence and misuse of power overtaking hope and

idealism. His death is the completion of a circle of unquenchable pain masked by and fulfilled in restlessness.

On his deathbed he whispers the name "Rosebud". This was the name painted on his childhood sled. Is there a name of absolutely private meaning in everyman's life, Jesus? If we dig can we find roots that may tell us who — and whose — we are?

Malcolm Boyd

"Are You Running With Me, Jesus"?

Orson Wells' "Citizen Kane"

Film Society — Thursday November 2,
Memorial Hall 7:30

POT AND THE FORTY YEARS: C-SQUAD

PART II

Mrs. X has been to the Providence police several times in the past days — her "little boy," her 19 year old boy has been missing. Finally a call is received from a nearby gas station that the door to their rest room is locked and there is someone inside.

The police arrive on the scene and force the door open. There, sprawled on the floor, is Mrs. X's "little boy", dead from a combination of narcotics and alcohol. This is the meat of the C-Squad.

This is what we never see, the horror of death, the "pain" and "agony" of drugs, the "ruined" lives.

This was a story BP received from Lt. Robert E. Ricci of the Providence C-squad. It is very dramatic. But this is not the only melodrama in which the C-Squad plays a major role.

Here is a group of highly skilled men, working as a team. They are mainly involved with undercover work. The squad has men specially trained for this. One of the most well-known is Malcom Brown, a man whose face is, for the most part, seen only by the sellers of pot. At the moment, Mr. E. H. Hastings, a successful attorney, is defending former Brown student Robert Johnson, charged with the illegal sale of marijuana to an adult. Of this case Lt. Ricci recalled that Malcom Brown had been the undercover man but he was "not quite sure". However, Mr. Hastings told BP that the student is charged with the sale of pot to a member of the providence Police Department, posing under another guise. This man was in all probability Malcom Brown who Lt. Ricci had mentioned.

(Mr. Hastings, at this time, feels that the police had initiated the offense by demanding the sale of pot to the undercover man. Lt. Ricci stated, however, that the police "would never initiate a sale of pot by force but that it could initiate a sale.")

During the interview with Lt. Ricci, BP asked pertinent questions concerning the case. They were as follows:

- 1) What was the nature of the Johnson violation?
- 2) Who was Malcom Brown posing as?
- 3) Was there more than one undercover man?
- 4) Does the C-Squad believe it was within the bounds of the law in the Johnson case?
- 5) Did the C-SCquad ever have their

undercover men pose as members of any underworld organization?

6) Could there have been any threats made against Johnson as part of the undercover work?

To these questions, BP received "no comment".

Through its undercover work, the C-Squad utilizes informers of all kinds, and in the mentioned case, it was a student informer. Lt. Ricci claims that often students call the Squad and offer their information to the police. Sometimes it is a student seeking revenge and sometimes the student just does not like pot. In any case, RISD probably has at least one, as do Brown and the neighboring schools.

These informers are considered to be of great value to the Providence C-Squad whether they are in the college hill vicinity or the Federal Hill area. The C-Squad protects these people from all publicity and are never involved with arrest nor are they ever arrested. This is true of the informer even if he is or has been a user himself.

This article is for the information of the student. The series will continue in the weeks to come in its examination of pot, interviewing such men as Attorney General Herbert F. DeSimone, leading physicians, and people directly associated with marijuana and other drugs in the state of Rhode Island.

Roy L. Furman



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CHICKEN HEAD — FRED SOMMERS

THIS IS A THREE YEAR OLD STORY, THAT IS NEW

In the state of Arizona, is a high, desert covered plateau surrounding the town of Prescott. In the middle of this vast plain the town seems more isolated than it is. Prescott is the home of Fred Sommers. He lives there with his wife in a somewhat modern home. He, like Prescott, is not the hermit that he seems. True, when someone calls and asks if they can meet him he says no, and but rarely changes his mind. He lives out there near Max Ernst, his friend. Fred Sommers lives out there in all that open space, and is a older man. If you did not look closely at him, I imagine that he might look like a Chicago butcher who retired to the warm Arizona sun, but when you look closely at the man and his methodical life there is great strength in the precision of each. He looks at the vast space surrounding him and at all within it with eyes like an incalculable microscope. Looking through those eyes he demands precision from all that is around him. Fred Sommers is an exacting man who can find no reason that that which he sees in his mind should not be seen with his eyes and felt with his hands.

He goes to many extremes to see his mental visions as physical objects. His photographic equipment is hand crafted to the minimum in tolerances, and there is nothing that it cannot accomplish. The images that he seeks out in the physical world are as sharp and razor edged as he can find to match those of his mind. The photographic paper that he uses carries the "OO" classification, so that the infinite dimension building greys that his eyes see through phenomenon, or personal training can be strained out of every grain of silver in the paper. He can begin either with a photographic negative, or cellophane covered with vasaline and lamp black, and the final print after hundreds of initial prints and many enlargements, has so far transcended the original object or design, that the object and image both sever all umbilical chords and the new image has life equal to its parent. Fred Sommers makes it his job to bring new things into the world.

...FRED SOMMERS IS A HERMIT FROM ARIZONA WHO IS COMING HERE WEDNESDAY.

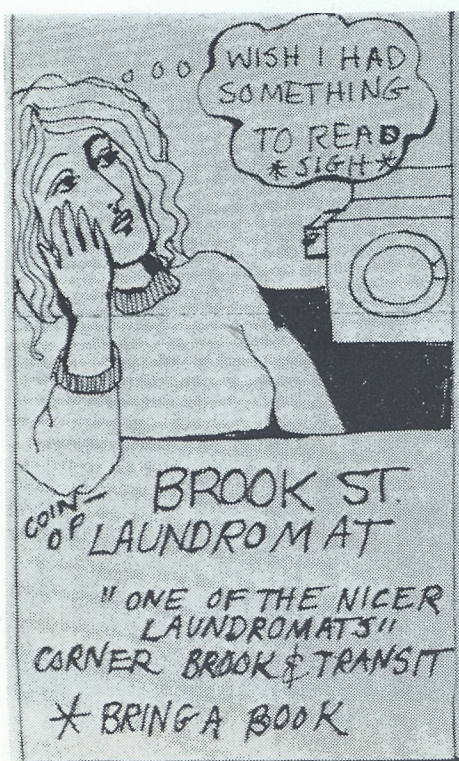
Apparently there are few who have the eye that Sommers has for the infinite tonalities of grey that bring his images soaring above their original "3-D" selves. There also seem to be few who have the ear that listens to a magnificent collection of music and then sees the beauty of the notes in parallel with their sounds in the manuscripts of Bach. Fred Sommers on a day when he wasn't out gathering mushrooms for a magnificent gourmet dinner, or painting the space that he has made his home, or manipulating a print, sat down and started making intricate and beautiful designs on music manuscript paper. Then he played them and brought together the visual and aural in exciting music that has long been waiting to be realized.

Furthermore Sommers does one thing one day, until it is complete, and then does another. Those who look at his many products can sense their connection, but only his mind can state the connection. He has been described to me in many phrases that only attempt to define him and only in their combined suggestions of excellence does he exist. He is a hermit, yes; and

an eccentric. He is a perfectionist, yes; and a perfectionist, and a master print maker, photographer, poet, graphic musician, painter, sculptor, gourmet, and a collector of perfection. He is a man who stays from the world in order to get as close to his ideas of what the world is as he can. He inspects the molecules of an object that he works with and if there is one "bruised" molecule that offends his accurate and astute eyes, he discards the object no matter what its value may be. His private views and theories may well make him a full time nut, but his many areas of interest and activity may as easily make him a full time anachronistic miracle.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT IN MEMORIAL HALL AT 7:30, R.I.S.D. CAN SEE HIM AND DECIDE

Charles Leonard



REQUIEM FOR THE CRYSTAL TAP

That bullet — whatever the reasons of Providence higher politics that had caused it to be fired — that found release in Paulie's head, while simultaneously beginning and ending his death agonies, only began the Crystal's. Last week its long degradation ended in merciful death, while goon squads of suited Brownies desecrated its remains with Pembrokies and themselves.

The Crystal opened immediately on prohibition's close. It was Paulie's Crystal Tap until Paulie's death — (he was a small-time hood) — put it in Pat's hands. Pat — Armando Pastine? — fired Obie, the alcoholic, hunchback day barkeep; raised drafts to fifteen cents; then fired George, who was easily the best thing the Crystal ever had; and brought in the pooltable and the Brownies. Last week he finished it all with a ladies' room, a coat of green mens' room paint and a class A (women and Sundays) license — not for the Crystal but for Armando's Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge.

I remember afternoons ending in staggering to the refectory, through the insane flickering yellow syrup of a drunken dying sun, to see Ann look at me in mixed envy and annoyance and saying "You're been at the Crystal." And closing times with Billy, the helmetless drunk on his lightless, mufflerless bike, screaming off into whatever magic world it was that kept him alive. But now Ann is gone, Billy is in basic training, I am in Architecture and the Crystal shall never be again.

Steve Lindblom





GILBERT FRANKLIN ON SCULPTURE

Gilbert Franklin is in the know about sculpture. His boyhood desire for art led him to RISD as a student. Upon graduation he was granted a fellowship to Mexico for the study of stone sculpture. Soon afterwards, he began teaching in the Freshman Department at RISD.

He taught at San Jose from 1945 until 1948, when he was granted a Rome scholarship. His experience in Rome was the turning point in his gravitation toward sculpture over his interest in painting. He returned to RISD as a teacher in the Fine Arts Department, of which he is now the head. His years of experience in the field and

studio, place him in a position to have a creditable and valid opinion. We asked Mr. Franklin about the trend of minimal art, as shown in "Six Sculptors"

(BLOCKPRINT, OCT. 16).

"As I see it, it is an attempt to get at the simplified geometric form of a thing, to reduce it to its essence and to make the form carry a whole emotion without the aid of a library notion or relation to any other thing. It must succeed in this way through form. It should be interesting to most young sculptors as it involves the artist directly with the sculpture, and he need not send it out for casting or other forms of finishing works necessary in the production of most sculpture. The sculpture forces you to see it in a new way, in relation to its surroundings.

"Unlike the sculptures of Rodin, Michaelangelo and others which gain

attention through the theme of the sculpture, the minimal form almost makes you reject it; but then it forces you to see it in a different way. You see it in relation to the room it is in, the people in that room, and every other object in that place because your attention cannot grab at such a simple form and hold onto it. It makes you think of it in a new way, too. You wonder why the artist made it, or how it got there, or why it was placed just so, and why it can be called art."

Is there any particular reason, as you see it, why this trend occurred? And why now?

"It is not really a new idea. The constructionist had his day in the early 20th Century. The desire of the basic form has always been with us. It's just that the import has changed.

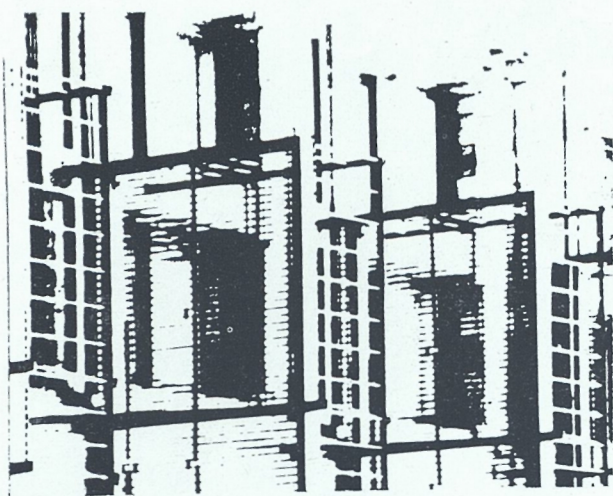
"There is always someone or some group that wants to do what isn't being done by everyone else. It is a manifestation of an artist's need to refuse what has been done and search for something new. Like we got sick of abstract expressionism. Freedom causes more changes. There are many reasons why this occurs. Rise in economic index, public involvement, education, mass media, all conspire to make what is new in the art field available. Some day the Historians will set it down in cause and effect terms, but one can't easily do that now."

Would you say that minimal art is an attempt to bridge the gap between artist and carpenter and why can't a carpenter do it?

"What the sculpture is a bridge between, depends on what it's made of. If it is plywood you could say it's a bridge between artist and carpenter. If it's welded metal, then the bridge would be between artist and welder. It makes little difference how the thing is made or of what it is made. The difference rests solely on intent. To understand everything is damned near impossible. People are engaged in art either pro or con with no firm beliefs or truths. The truths of yesterday, though still truths, are superseded by the truths of today. It is the time to be involved in art and to save the sorting out for later."



"MYSTIC MEXICAN MAKES FRIENDS"



RECENT WORKS

by Barnanosky, Menche, Schultz

On show now at

THE MOUTHPIECE, 1 Benefit St.

TAPE LIBRARY FORUM

The Tape Library Forum will begin for the 1967 - 68 year on Tuesday, October 31, 12:00 — 1:00 p.m. in the Student Lounge, C. B. As last year, further continuance of the program and the expansion of tapes and facilities will depend on student interest. Free coffee and donuts will be served.

Tuesday, Oct. 31 — 12:00-1:00 p.m. — "Capitalism, Socialism, and Communism"

These words have served political ends for so long that the theories on which the systems are based have been taken as descriptions of the facts. Michael Harrington attempts a redefinition of the terms and gives a historic account of the origin of some of the distortions. Participants in the discussion include Robert M. Hutch-

ins, Ritchie Calder, Richard Lichtman, Harry S. Ashmore, and Rexford Tugwele.

Friday, Nov. 3 — 12:00-1:00 p.m. — "The Perils of Loving"

Ralph Greenson, M.D., training analyst and associate professor of psychiatry at the U.C.L.A. School of Medicine, in a talk with Richard Lichtman. Dr. Greenson suggests that the rarity of intense friendships in our time may be rooted in our fears of homosexuality, in our mobility, and in "the perils of loving." "To love is to risk . . . it has become more important to belong to the group than to love."

Tuesday, Nov. 7 — "And what About Noodles?"

Friday, Nov. 10 — "New Utopias: Looking Backward or Brave New World"

Tuesday, Nov. 14 — "Zuckuhandl"

Friday, Nov. 17 — "Don't Make Waves"

WHAT'S NEW, DR. LEARY?

Last week the "Today Show" very enthusiastically presented an interview by Hugh Downs at Millbrook Estates of the Castalia Foundation, with Tim Leary, high priest of the psychedelic movement.

Dr. Leary was participating in the filming of an "eastern western," in which the American Indian is right and wins. His face covered with gold, Dr. Leary sat in a meadow with Hugh Downs before tepees which serve both as set and as living quarters for the influx of "flower children."

Here are some things he had to say:

Why are there so many hippies now?

"Listen, for every person you see who looks like a hippie, there are 100 or 1000 hippies in Congress, lawyers or executives."

What is a hippie?

"Someone who is turned on — a beautiful person."

What do you have as hippies?

"To me, there is a brotherhood. We have our own government, our own music, our own philosophy in the words of rock and roll, our own religion and sacraments. Even our own police force — the Hell's Angels serve as our police, and there are as many beautiful people in Hell's Angels as there are on the police forces."

Why do our young people like the hippie life?

"No kid wants to become a senator anymore with its hypocrisy. Johnson vs. Nixon? What a silly choice, with their old chessboards. The psychedelic children just have to laugh at this silliness. They look to fun, more close to the holy, happier world 100 years ago in beautiful-America."

Why turn on, tune in, drop out?

"You discover you are divine within. The key to the psychedelic movement is control of consciousness. Ecstatic experience is biochemical. The best way to find God is chemicals. More and more people are doing this. LSD is only one key. They look down on beer and wine, and their minor flights."

What will happen if you get the 30 year sentence?

"Well, they don't want to do that, do they, and make me a martyr? The first thing I'd do is turn on the President. Our aim is to put the politicians, police, and psychiatrists out of business. If we

had a hippie president or Congress, then they'd go to meet to undo laws; they should be trying their best to free us. You can't legislate morals, fun, religion."

Is there corruption in your organization?

"Well, we are human beings, and we have our share of fools and rascals too . . . Rules always exist, here too. But it's an experienced thing, not results . . . You see, historically, 30 years ago, the job was the key, and everyone was scared of it. The kids want more. Because of the technical advances given them by the preceding generation, this is the holiest generation in the history of the world. It's ironic that such a past has made this possible.

"The aim of life is not to fight or have rules, not to compete, it's how to have fun. The motto of the psychedelic movement is 'do your own thing' . . . there's no need to look for lines to stand in, groups to join — you need not look into particular sequences. The key is individual freedom. I can't understand why anyone over 40 wants to have control — power — over the young people. Drop out and have a sense of humor. Join your kids in smoking pot, instead of opposing them. Have fun."



BLOCKPRINT

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STAFF

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Chris Maynard	Gil Glaubinger
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Associated with the Underground Press



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TURN OFF, GUT IN, BLOW OUT

A draggy environmental system that only worsens an already providential environment has prompted this ultimate solution, one both rational, simple, and capable of bypassing endless bureaucracy (much as a lock pick in two minutes work can do for the open studio problem what the deans in infinite verbose [but so, so elegant] explanations explain for their failure).

A gut-in. This would be a mass attack on Homer-Nickerson by students, pneumatic hammers, chisels, beer, sledges, and exhilaration, to be done on a Sunday open house (we mustn't incur Dean Paisner's wrath now, should we?) to leave empty shells possessing infinite possibilities.

"Rock" Argo
REAL architect

Dear BLOCKPRINT:

I came to RISD believing it to be an institution of higher education. Before I even got here, however, I was disillusioned by the piece of mis-information I received concerning drug abuses. Its attitude was that marijuana and LSD can have harmful effects when misused, so they shouldn't be used at all. Its obvious purpose was not to tell the truth about drugs but to scare students from using them.

Yes, great harm can result from the misuse of drugs. But as great a harm can result from mis-information about drugs. As was said in "Newsweek", one reason why so many kids smoke pot is that they're found that adults have consistently lied to them about it. Or, as Lincoln said, "You can fool some of the people some of the time . . .", etc.

Every student who's smoked a few joints needn't hand in his resignation, as Officer Joe Burns has suggested. Chances are he won't become an addict or have his mind destroyed. I wholly condemn the fatuous notion that pot and acid should not be used at all for any other reason than that they are illegal. Furthermore, correct information about the dangers of using drugs should be distributed by the school, not to support some unconstitutional laws, but as a matter of the education and welfare of RISD students (afterall, this is a school, not a branch of the C-Squad).

I'd feel more confidence in the integrity of my school if we had a reasonable official policy about drugs. But of

course RISD has its public image to think of first, and honesty can have harmful effects on one's public image.

Alex Silberstein

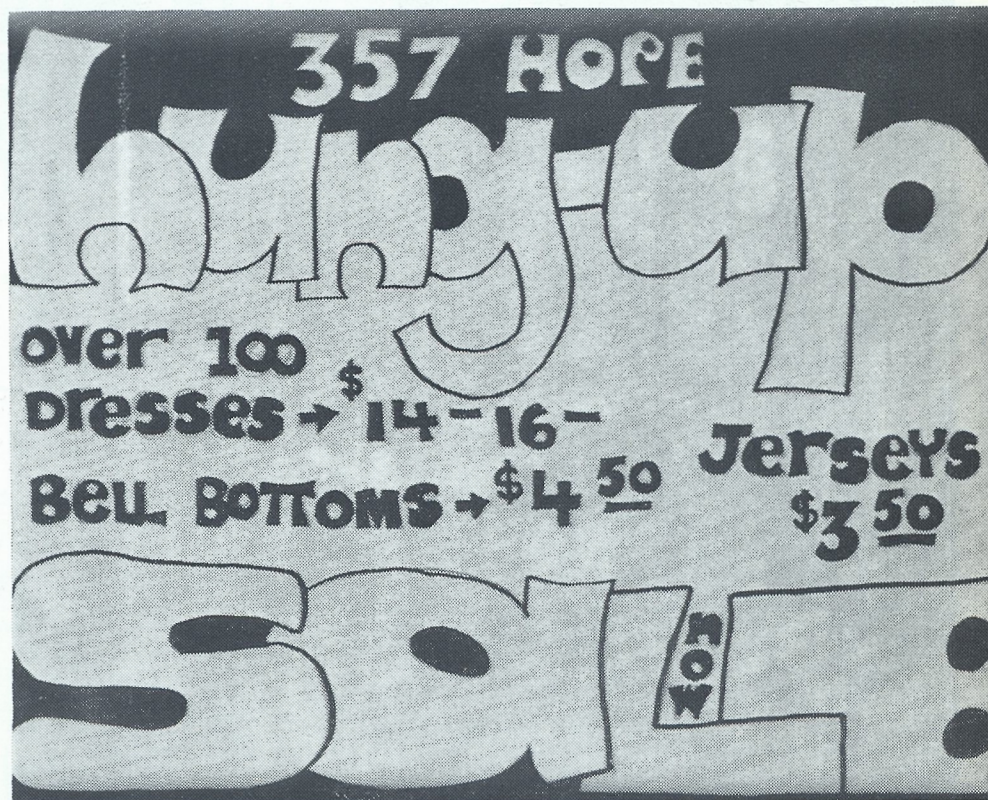
Editor BLOCKPRINT:

I've noticed a definite change in content in BLOCKPRINT this year. Instead

of "what happened at last week's basketball game" there is a lot more emphasis on art and "now". It makes for a much stronger publication. Keep it up.

sincerely,

Manny Perry
Practical School of Art
Boston



ANNOUNCEMENTS

THE CONTINENTAL FLORIST in WARWICK, R. I., is interested in displaying and selling student work — paintings, ceramics, sculptures, photographs, prints. If you have work which you wish to show or sell, call Mr. Robroy Mason, 781-2919, or Judith Speyer, 8632347.

An exhibit of photographs by Mr. John Benson will open on October 30 at the Attleboro Museum, Caplan Park, Attleboro, Mass. at 8:00 p.m. Mr. Benson will speak at the opening.

DURING THE CLEVELAND WEEK, the University Christian Movement will sponsor a gathering of students, faculty, and others who are interested in exploring education and mass media, as well as the importance and role of non-verbal experience in the educational experience. If you are interested in at-

tending the Cleveland week, in submitting experimental films to be shown there, or in finding out more about it, please contact Judith Speyer, RISD Chaplain's Office.

SEMINAR ON ALUMINUM, working, welding, etc. Film, slides, Alcoa Awards Program. Wednesday, November 1 at 2 p.m., 2nd floor Market Building.

INFIRMARY TELEPHONE night number has been changed to 331-8748 — use it between 5 p.m. and 9 a.m. The day number will remain the same; 331-3507. If no answer, try 331-3037.

OPEN HOUSE, Chaplain's Office, Friday, November 3, 2:30 to 5:30 p.m. Drop in for coffee and conversation . . . Carr House, ground floor.

BLOCKPRINT meets WEDNESDAY nights instead of Thursday — the new deadline for stories, pictures, letters, and announcements is 5 p.m. Wednesday in the SAO.

RISD DIVE CLUB

The RISD Dive Club functions to instruct and entertain students in Skin and Scuba diving. For the past two years, the club has offered and partially financed lessons given by a professional diver, resulting in "graduation" with 2 nationally recognized Skin and Scuba diving certifications. Numerous weekend trips to Rhode Island and Massachusetts shores in search of fish, wrecks, and junk were sponsored, as well as an economical 10-day trip to the Florida Keys over spring vacation. Movies, lectures, dive symposiums in Boston, and trips to nautical museums were participated in throughout the year.

The club will offer many of the same features this year, so if they or any aspects of diving interest you, please attend the meeting this Wednesday, November 1, at 7:30 in the Student Lounge, College building. If you cannot attend, please leave your name and box number in Box 235.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

The Jewish Comm. Ctr., Broad and Elmwood; volunteers needed in arts and crafts (part of the anti-poverty program.) Contact Steve Duffe (Ex-Vista and Wash. U.)

Chapin Hosp.: volunteers needed for teaching therapy, etc. Contact Mrs. Morrison, Dir of Vol. Serv.

Armistice Day Parade: Make a float for Armistice Day Parade. Theme — PEACE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. November 11. Contact Mr. Albert Iodice, (State Dept.) 521-7100 Ext.-694.

Central Falls: Tutoring needed for culturally deprived. 7-9 p.m. evenings. Contact Miss Diana Walker (Vista Vols.) 723-9132.

Veteran's Home, Bristol, R. I.: Dining room wall (9' x 45') needs mural. Subject should be inspirational. Subject should be appropriate for a Soldier's Home. Material can be furnished by Home. Possibly it could be a project or subject for a thesis. Contact Commandant Louis B. Alfano, Jr.

CALENDAR

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31

12:00 Noon Gym — Dance Class
12:00 Noon Student Lg. — Tape Forum
3:00 p.m. 432 CB — Sound Workshop

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1

7:00 p.m. 430 CB — Motor Cycle Club Mtg.
7:00 p.m. 412 — Student Council Mtg. To discuss all club budgets.

7:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — Photo Ed. Soc. Lecture by Frederick Sommers

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2

12:00 Noon Gym — Dance Class
7:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — "Citizen Kane" — Film Soc. movie.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3

12:00 Noon Student Lg. — Tape Forum

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4

8:00 p.m. Refectory — Newman Club Dance.





WHAT TO DO . . .

BOSTON

BOSTON TEA PARTY

338-7026

November 3, 4, The Bagatelle,
The Mandrake Memorial

UNICORN

dial UNI-corn

November 3, 4, The First
Addition

THE PSYCHERELIC SUPERMARKET

November 3, 4, The Electric
Flag

CLUB 47

864-3266

November 2, 4, Jeremy Steig and
the Satyrs

November 5, Poets' Theatre

Novemebr 6-12, Muddy Waters
Blues Band

WHAT TO DO ...

BACK BAY THEATER

November 4, Charles Lloyd Quartette
Jimmy Cotton Blues Band

NEW YORK

THE VILLAGE GATE

475-5120
November 3, 4, Carmen MacRae

CAFE AU GO-GO

777-4530
November 3, 4, unscheduled

THE ELECTRIC CIRCUS

777-4466
November 3, 4, The Big Apple's
Blues Band

THE SCENE

582-5760
November 3, 4, The McCoys
The Tropics

THE VILLAGE THEATRE

475-8400
November 3, 4, unscheduled

THE DOM

787-2210
November 3, 4, unscheduled

EXHIBITIONS AND MUSEUM SCHEDULES

The Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53 St., N.Y., N.Y.
October 23 — December 3
The Star Vehicle — an exhibition on
filmstills and on location shots revealing
how a director organizes the creative
energies of his cast and crew into
a machine to make a movie.

Whitney Museum of American Art

945 Madison Ave. N.Y., N.Y.
October 25 — December 3
Raphael Soyer Exhibition

The Providence Art Club

11 Thomas Street, Providence
October 15 — November 3
"Exhibition of Drawings by
Gilbert Franklin"

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum

1071 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

October 29

The Constructivist Tradition in Contemporary
Sculpture George Rickey, Sculptor

CONCERT

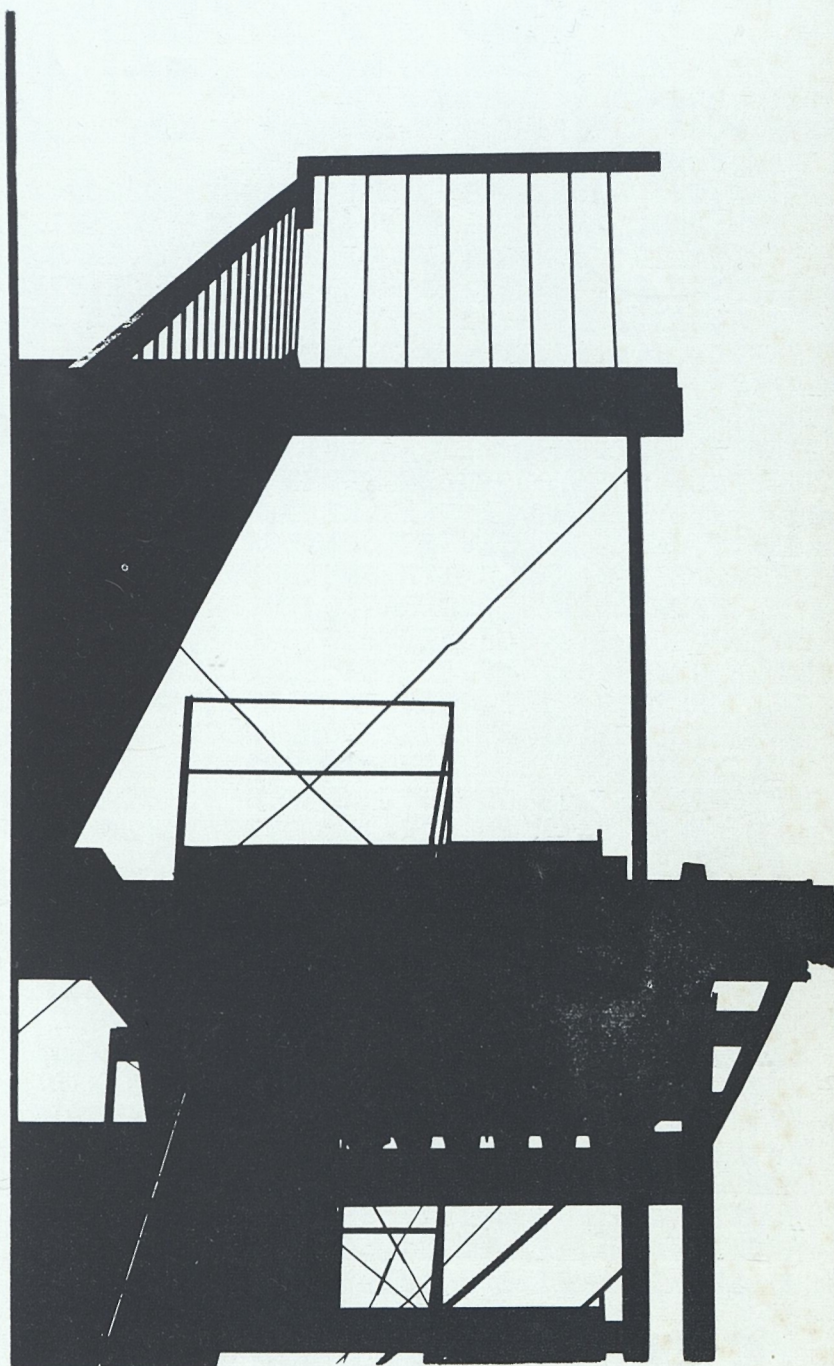
Sunday, November 5

Joan Baez

Back Bay Theater

209 Mass. Ave.

Boston, Mass.



LASTOMIRSKY, LESTAG, LILLA, LINNELL, LIONBERGER, LIU, LOGAN, LUTZ, LYMAN, LYONS, LYSKO
 LACKEY, LAFOND, LAHN, LAMBE, LAMBERT, LANDERS, LANDY, LANGEVIN, LANSING, LAPUT, LARRABEE
 LATTIMER, LAUNDRY, LEACH, LEAVER, LECKIE, LEE, LEHRMITT, LEIDERMAN, LESLIE, LEVINE, LEV
 LIEBERMAN, LIEBEROFF, LIGHTBOWN, LINDELO, LINDSAY, LINDSTROM, LITTMAN, LOBB, LOBOZZO
 LONG, LORENZ, LOUDON, LUSICK, LYNCH, LA FARGE, LAMONT, LAWRENCE, LEBOWITZ, LIGHT, LINCO
 MADIGAN, MANGEL, MARTIN, MASTRONUNZIO, MATHIEU, MAYNARD, MCINTOSH, MEEK, MERLINO, MILL
 MINKINMONTEALEGRE, MONTGOMERY, MOORE, MOROSOFF, MOSS, MULCAHY, MUNGEN, MUNROE, MURPH
 MACAK, MACAULAY, MAC BRYDE, MACDERMID, MACDONALD, MACHINIST, MACHURA, MACKAY, MACMAST
 MAC NAMARA, MAC PHEE, MADDEN, MAGNUSON, MAHON, MAILANDER, MAIN, MALIN, MANGINO, MANN
 MAPUA, MARATHON, MARCH, MARKHAM, MARKSTEIN, MARSH, MASCOLO, MASSONY, MATHER, MATHERS, M
 MATTER, MATTHESON, MATTHEWS, MAXWELL, MC BRIDE, MC ALMONT, MCCABE, MCCALLISTER, MC CA
 MCEWEN, MCEWEN, MCGILVRAY, MCGLYNN, MC GUNIGLE, MCKENNEY, MC KENNIS, MCKEON, MCWILLIA
 MELE, MENCHE, MICONI, MIERS, MILLER, MILLER, MILLER, MILLS, MONTE*SANO, MORGAN, MORSE, M
 MUENCH, MURPHY, MUSSELLS, MACOMBER, MANELLA, MASSEY, MELANSON, MERKIN, MICHALCZK, MICH
 MORIN, MORRISON,
 NEFF, NOSS, NURNBERGER, NAEF, NASH, NEELLEY, NELSON, NEUFELD, NEWBROOK, NEWKIRK, NITTA,
 NOWAK, NYREN,
 OBRIAN, OWENS, OBREGON, ODELL, OHANLEY, OLSON, ORCIUCH, ORINGER, ORNITZ, ORNSTEIN, OTTO
 PALMER, PAUL, PAULSON, PENROSE, PERETHIAN, PHILP, PIKE, POPLAWSKI, PRATT, PACHECO, PADU
 PAIGE, PALIN, PALMER, PANDO, PARKS, PAULL, PEACHY, PELL, PELLETIER, PELTO, PERLMUTTER,
 PERSCHINO, PETERS, PIATKOWSKI, PIER, PERCE, PIETRONIRO, PINSKY, PLACENTE, PLIMPTON, PO
 PORTER, PRICE, PRIESTLEY, PRYDE, PSILINAKIS, PUMA, PURDON, PUTMAN, PUZON, PAPPAS, PATTO
 PINACOLI, PONTBRIAND, PRIP,
 RAPELYE, REGAN, REYNOLDS, RICHARDSON, RINEHIMER, RORER, ROSOFF, ROSS, ROWELL, RUSSELL,
 RASCH, RAINER, RAYMOND, READ, REED, REICHERT, REIZES, RESNICK, RHODES, RHYNE, RICHARDS,
 RICHFIELD, RISS, ROBART, ROBERTS, ROBRECHT, RODEGAST, ROGOVIN, ROHATSCH, ROHDE, ROHLAN
 ROSCZPALA, ROSE, ROSENBERG, ROSENTHAL, ROSIN, ROSZCEWSKI, ROSSO, RUBIN, RUBINSTEIN, RU
 RUSSO, RYDER, RYER, RATRAY, REED, RICHARDSON, ROLLINS, ROT,
 SACENTI, SAULNIER, SAWYER, SCANLON, SCHULTZ, SCHWARTZ, SHARP, SHEPHERD, SHEPPHERD, SHE
 SILBERSTEIN, SLOAN, SMITH, SNYDER, SONIER, STANAVIGE, STEIGER, STEINER, STINE, SWEENEY, S
 SACNNOFF, SALOOMEY, SANDHAGE, SANDROF, SANTORO, SANTOS, SAUNDERS, SAUERWINE, SAVAGE, S
 SCHERFF, SCHMITT, SCHNEIDER, SCHRAUF, SCHULTZ, SCHULZ, SCHWARTZ, SCHWARZENBACH, SCOPT
 SEARLE, SEARS, SEAVEY, SEDLMAYR, SEIFERT, SELLNER, SEYFFERT, SHAPERO, SHANKIN, SHARR, S
 SHOLL, SHORE, SHREVE, SIEVERS, SILVERMAN, SILVERTHORNE, SIMARO, SIMMONS, SIMON, SINDEL
 SIPRESS, SLACK, SMART, SMITH, SMITHSON, SNYDER, SOCHYNSKY, SOLLOGUB, SOLOMON, SOLON, SO
 BOUSA, SPEED, SPEISER, SPENCER, SPINELLI, SPINNEY, SPITZER, SPORBERT, STANLEY, STANNAR
 STASIEWSKI, STAVRINOS, STECKLER, STEINER, STEINMAN, STETSON, STEVENS, STEVOVICH, STEWA
 STONE, STORK, SRAIGHT, STRANGE, STREETER, SURABIAN, SWEREDA, SWETT, SANDSTROEM, SCHNAD
 SCHULMAN, SCHWABENLAND, SGOUROS, SILLMAN, SMITH, STEIN, STUDER, SULLIVAN, SURPRENANT, S
 TEAGUE, TEBBETTS, TESSITORE, THOMAS, TITUS, TREACY, TROTTA, TANDY, TANTILLO, TARA, TARA
 TARANTINO, TAUBE, TAYLOR, TEAGUE, THAYER, THIBEAULT, THORNALLY, THORNHILL, THROOP, TILI
 TINKER, TIPON, TOBIN, TOON, TOSCANO, TREMENTOZZI, TRIANO, TRUITT, TSUCHIDA, TURNER, TULI
 TURNBULL, TURNER, TEIXEIRA, THOMASSON, THORNLEY, UBALDINI, UNDERWOOD, UNGER, URBANETT
 VANDERPOOL, VANHEUSEN, VANINWEGEN, VEENSTRA, VENEZIA, VONLEHMEN,
 WALLACE, WARWICK, WEBSTER, WESTON, WEXLER, WHITAKER, WHITSITT, WILLIAMS, WINGERT, WINS
 WOJECH, WOOD, WOODHOUSE, WAGNER, WAINFORD, WALKER, WALSH, WALTON, WARAMONTRI, WARD, WARA
 WATSON, WEGGE, WEINGERG, WEINBERGER, WEINSTEIN, WEISS, WELCH, WEYL, WEYMOUTH, WHITE, WHI
 WHITELEY, WHITEHILL, WHITMAN, WIEJACZKA, WIENK, WILKIE, WILLIAMS, WILLMARTH, WILSON, WI
 WINDHORST, WINSOR, WINTER, WISE, WISMAN, WOLF, WOOLFENDEN, WOOD, WOODMAN, WOODS, WOOLNE
 WORCESTER, WULFF, WYLIE, WASHBURN, WEISBURG, WHITE, WIRZ,
 YAMAOKA, YATER, YEE, YOUNG, YARIAN, YODER,
 ZAHN, ZHEUTLIN, ZILLES, ZOLLSHAN, ZOTTU, ZUBRIS.

SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM

NOTICE OF CLASSIFICATION 1-A OCTOBER 30, 1967

SON, ANDRUSKIEWICZ, ARATA, ASABUKI, ASSUR, AVERY, ABBOTT, ABRAHAM
S, ALAIMO, ALBREN, ALLEN, ALTWELL, ALONZO, ALTMAN, ANKENY, ANSALDI,
OLD, ARSLANIAN, ARRUDA, ASBORNSEN, ATKINSON, AUDET, AZZI, ABRAHAM
ALLEY, BAKER, BALDWIN, BARAGWANATH, BARANOSKY, BARBER, BARCHEWS,
ETO, BARTLETT, BATES, BATZ, BAZELLEY, BEAL, BEANE, BEARDSLE
BENNETT, BENSON, BERG, BERGER, BERGERON, BERKOWSKY, BERNSTEIN, BE
BIGGER, BIGIONI, BINI, BIONDI, BERNBAUM, BLAIR, BLAIS, BLAKE, BLANK
BOEPPLE, BOTUCH, BOND, BODON, BOSTED, BOURDON, BOYD, BRADLEY, BRAN
BLER, BREZINSKI, BRICOLD, BRISSON, BROMBERG, BROOKE, BROSNAHAN, BR
B, BRUNER, BRYAN, BUCK, BURKE, BURHAM, BURT, BUTLER, BYRNE, BYRUM, B
S, BECKLUND, BEERITS, BENOTTI, BERGMAN, BICKFORD, BLACK, BLAINE, B
N, BOUDREAU, BOWEN, BOWMAN, BRAULT, BRITTAIN, BARKLEY, BECKWITH,
RTH, BOUTIN, BOWAR, BOZARTH, BRISSON, BUSH-BROWN
ALPHE, CLARK, CLAVERTIE, CONNOLLE, COOPERSMITH, COORBRIDGE, CORSO, OR
VAN, GALTAN, CAMERON, CAMINOS, CALTENDER, CANDOS, CARDINAUX, CARIG
CARROLL, CARSON, CASEY, CASS, CASTELLUZZO, CHAMBERLAND, CHAPMAN,
HILL, CIOFFI, CLARKE, CLAVES, CLEGG, CLEMENS, CLIZBE, COCHRAN, CO
LINS, GONDIT, GONKILIN, CONLEY, CONNOTLY, CONNORS, CONSTANTINO, CO
COFF, CALLAHAN, COHNOUTLER
DAVENPORT, DAVIGNON, DAVIS, DEALE, DE CANIO, DE KOSINSKY, DEMESE
OKINSON, DI FLUMERI, DINOFFER, DOEBRICH, DOHERTY, DONATH, DORNER
DUNSFORD, DUPONT, DURANT, DYER, DYNES, DAHILL, DAMBACH, DAMON, DA
LES, DEL MONTE, DE BLIS, DEBOER, DELANT, DEVAUX DE VOE, DI BLASI
N, BODA, DODGE, DONAHY, DOMINICK, DORSEY, DORSON, DOKAS, DOVE, DO
DUFFELL, DUFFY, DUMVILLE, DUNKELMAN, DUNNING, DWYER, DYKE, DECKEY,
ERONY, EBERY, EWEET, EAGLE, EATON, ECKENROTH, EMERSON, ENGELMAN, EN
R
TOCH, FOOSSE, FOX, FRIEDMAN, FABIAN, FANDETTI, FANNING, FARUCHARSON
IGENBAUM, FEISTEL, FERRON, FESSENDER, FIELD, FILLOS, FINLAY, FINK
FOSTER, FOWLER, FOX, FRANCOIS, FRANK, FEAZER, FREEMAN, FRIGON, FRIS
YERWEATHER, FOWLE, FRANKLIN, FRAZIER, FRID
ONS, GILBERT, GIORDANO, GOODMAN, GRAHAM, GRAY, GREENBERG, GUNTHER
NE, GALLAGHER, GALLAUDET, GANS, GARDINER, GERLAOH, GERSTEIN, GIBS
DSTEIN, GODSTROM, GOODYEAR, GORHAM, GORMAN, GOSCH, GOTOVICH, GOTTE
LT, GRAVILIN, GRAZDA, GREEN, GREGG, GREGORY, GRIFFIN, GRIMES, GROVE
ERUNBAUM, GUILMETTE, GUITAR, GUSTAVSEN, GERMOND, GELTHALS, GREAR
M, HAYS, HAFENREFFER, HAIKO, HALKS, HALL, HAMILTON, HANNAMHANSEN
Z, HELANDER, HESS, HEYMAN, HICKEY, INDES, HIRSH, HONSLINE, HOLDO
HOPKINS, HOWARD, HOWE, HURD, HUSTON, HUTCHINS, HENDEL, HAMMER, HARR
HOFERMAN, HOWES, HUNNIBELL
MONEN
S, JOHNSON, JONES, JACKSON, JACOBSON, JAFFREY, JORAY, JORGENSEN, JU
N, KEARNEY, KEOGH, KITE, KILLEEN, KINN, INSEY, KLAYING, KNAACK, KI
CHOLE, KAHN, KAISER, KATVAIN, KARBONN, KAUFMANN, KEAVENY, KEEGAN,
LIDD, KIMBOUGH, KING, KILFIELD, KILYOM,
KLOCKARS, KOHL, KOHLER, K
KONSKI, KREH, KRENZEL, KRIST, KROU, KRELM, KRUSEE, KRYMY, KROCK, KI
KISHIMOTO

INSTIE, BRUI
ADAMOK, ADAM
ARAG, ARITA, A
AROHAMBEAU, A
BAOKUS, BAFAL
BARNES, BARNE
BROKER, BELL,
BESSE, BEUTEL
BLATTER, BODN
GREMER, BRENN
BRUCE, BRUNO,
BARBERI, BAR
BLOVIN, BODNA
BINKS, BLAKEN
CAINE, CAREY,
CROFT, CURTIS
CARLSON, GARN
CHATELAIN, CH
COLEBANK, COU
BOOK, COOLING
CANIVALS, DARR
DEVOCOUX, DI
OUTYACHINDA,
DAVELLA, DAVI
DIGHT, DING, D
DREM, DREYUSS
EDDY, EHMANN,
ESTABROOK, EV
REIDMAN, FERG
PASSSELL, FEIE
FISCHER, FISH
FUNK, FURMAN,
FATRAIT, GERV
GUNSANAN, GA
FILLETT, GOD
GRAMMER, GRAS
CHRISWOLD, GRU
HACKER, HALL,
OYLT, HUGHES,
AZELTON, HEA
HOLLAND, HOLM
HERSIG, HERSH
IKEDA, ISETLIN
JACOUES, JAM
KALMIN, KAMM
KORFINEN, KH
KELTS, KENNE
KOOGTE, KOSOL
KISHIMOTO

FINISH HIGH SCHOOL

EARN YOUR DIPLOMA AT HOME
IN YOUR SPARE TIME